

THE BEGINNING OF THE ETERNAL FEMININE.



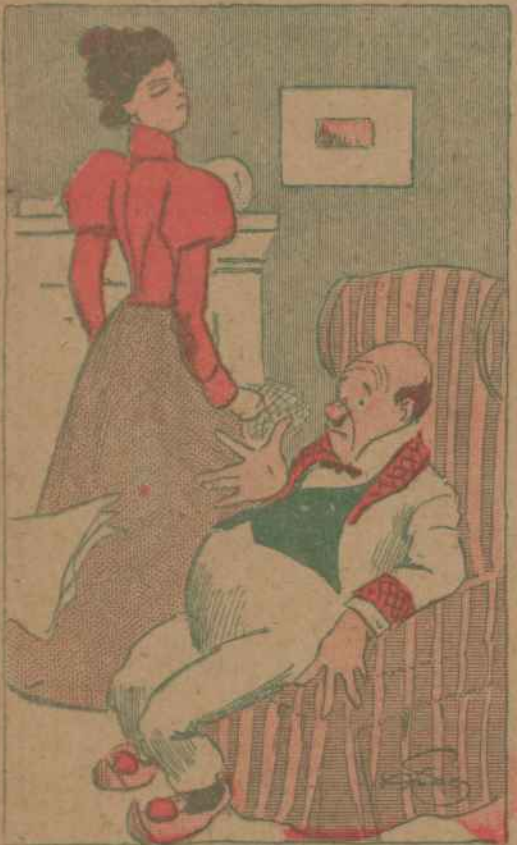
One day Mother Eve found a roll of red ribbon, and instinct did the rest.

The Usual Thing.
FARMER HAYRICK—Well, Zeke, when yer was in Washington did yer make inquiries as to what our Congressman was doin'?
FARMER HEDGROW—Yes, I asked, an' everybody said he was doin' 'bartenders'. Wonder what ther fools meant?

HOPE'S RISE AND FALL.



1. THE WIFE "Oh, you b-b-brute! I'm going home to my mother and—"



2. —"bring her here!"

MAN'S WEAKNESS.

He was a swordsman of great skill,
 And an all-around athlete;
 He could cut and thrust with vigor,
 And was shifty on his feet.

He was also quite an expert
 In the Graeco-Roman sport,
 And excelled in all diversions
 Of the rough-and-tumble sort.

His arms, like two big water mains,
 Propelled an awful blow,
 And his fists through iron walls could crash
 Like a Mauser ball through snow.

Yet, notwithstanding all these things,
 He was helpless as a mouse
 When he tried to carve a turkey
 In his Harlem boarding house.

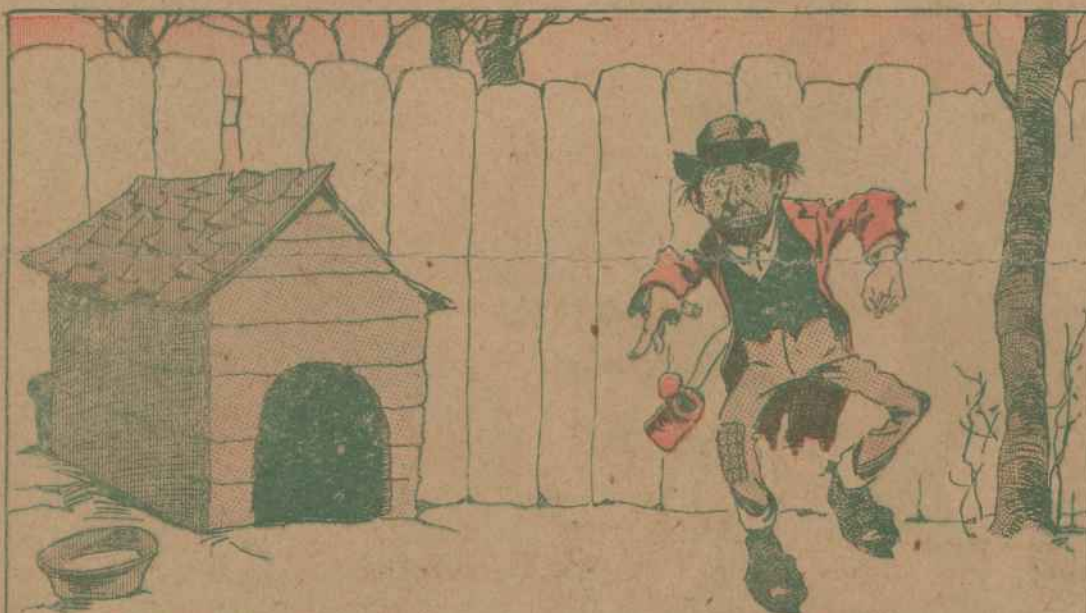
Delightful.
MRS. SWELLINGTON—Oh, he's such a splendid preacher!
MR. SWELLINGTON—In what way?
MRS. SWELLINGTON—Why, he always says something to make you think of something else, so that the sermon's over before you know it.

Citrically.
DOUGHBROY—I hear that Miss Millyuns led Lord De Broke quite a merry chase b'fore he captured her.
DASHERLY—Yes indeed. He had quite a run for his money.

A Wise Manoeuvre.
THE BEAU—Why do you persist in lugging Jones along with us?
THE BELLE—The chaperone has eyes for nobody but him.

Cucky.
MICKEY—Swipes Dugan is sick in bed.
MAG—Pore Swipes!
MICKEY—Pore nuttin'! He got it from over-eat'n'!

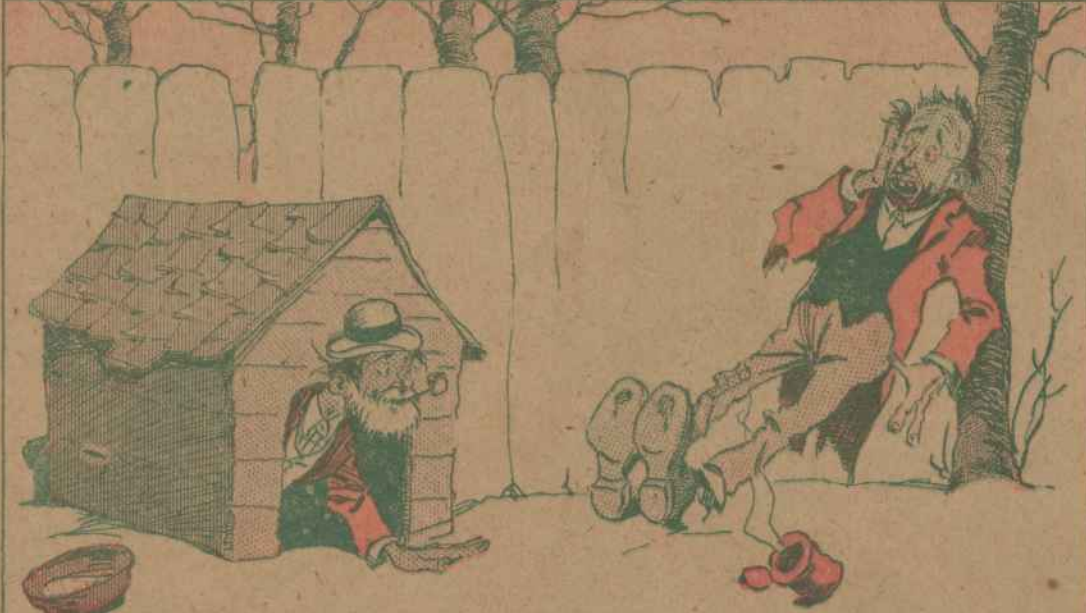
FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.



1. THE TRAMP: "I gotter get past dat dorg if I die in de attempt."



2. "Heavens! He's movin'. I'm lost!"



3. THE DORG: "You're too late, Weary. Dese lodgin's is mine."

THE KILLING OFF OF CLANCY.

"Do yez remember Clancy?" asked O'Toole, "him thot th' fellies all boycotted an' wudn't foight wid at all? Will, whither it wur grafe at th' boycott or not O' wudn't say, but annyway Clancy tuk sick, an' as he wur niver a mon to do t'ings half way, shure an' his sickness put him at death's door. An' wan day whole th' wolfe av him wur sittin' wid a pinell in her mouth figgerin' on th' costs av a wake oop sphakes Clancy."

"Nora darlint," he whispers, "it's th' bit av cabbage O'm cravin'!"
 "An' t'inkin' thot nothin' cud hurt a dyin' mon, Mrs. Clancy gives him a hid av cabbage. An' he ate it, thin two more besoides, an' in t'ree days th' well mon wur Clancy. An' atther thot he wudn't ate anny'ting but cabbage, for he said phwat made him willer would make him willer. An' here's th' quare t'ing. The other day Clancy kilt himself atin' cabbage."

In It.
 Maud Muller on a Summer's day
 Was raking mown hay over;
 She snared the judge by her smooth play,
 And turned the hay to clover.

Speaking of Done.
THE DOER—Yes, death stared me in the face, and I thought of all I'd ever done.
THE DONE—Noble fellow, to think of your friends at such a critical moment!

Taught by Experience.
THE PHRENOLOGIST—Bumps over the eye brows indicate discernment.
THE MICK—Thot they do. I know now whin to dodge me wolfe.

The philosopher's stone.
 —Any he can get!

Against Nature.
GUYER—A woman never would make a successful blackmailer.
QUIZZER—Why not?
GUYER—You couldn't get 'em to take "hush money."

YES, BUT HE CLEARED THE PIPE.

